The Bystander, December 7, 1921 No. 940. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

AT THE WASHINGTON FANCY DRESS BALL

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"I, sirree, am the League of same!"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Great Soldier

THE more facts, as distinguished from opinions, that we hear about Kitchener, the greater he appears. "A soldier—a man in the War Office—told me to-day," writes the late W. H. Page, American Ambassador, on September 22, 1914, "that Lord Kitchener had just told him that the War may last for several years. That, I confess, seems to me very improbable, and (what is of more importance) it is not the notion held by most men whose judgment I respect." But Kitchener was right, and all the other experts—for Mr. Page knew them all—were wrong. Even to the least expert, to the very lay mind, it must be evident how enormously important, how invaluable, it was to us that there should have been at the head of the War Office a man who at the outset rightly judged the probably duration of the War.

Kitchener and Cobb

IT was at about the same time as Mr. Page wrote this that Kitchener said to Irvin Cobb, the American writer and humorist, that the War would probably last at least three years. When Cobb printed this some time later in America, the world, or this side of it, got up and called him a liar. But I know Cobb very well. As it happens, he came direct from his interview with Kitchener at the War Office to see me and gave me a full account of it. No better fellow, and none more trustworthy, do I know than Irvin Cobb. I also put my trust in Kitchener, and for more than twelve months my opinion as to the probable duration of the War caused me to be regarded as a pessimist—and disregarded as a commentator—which, in the work I was then doing, did not make for my comfort. But I felt, and feel, no grievance against Kitchener or Cobb.

Sidelights on the Royal Engagement

THE deep and universal public interest and delight in Princess Mary's engagement show no signs of abatement. There is no need to seek for a reason. For me there is only one little touch of—sadness is, perhaps, too strong a word, but let it pass — in connection with the happy story. I cannot help feeling really quite sorry for those poor folk who seem to think that they *must* have some entirely private and exclusive bits of information about it with which to regale us. Their efforts are magnificent but pathetic.

Those "Intimate Details"

WE are told, for example, with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, or headlines, that Viscount Lascelles spoke to the King first—that the proposal was made "after tea"—that when he purchased Chesterfield House the Viscount remarked to a friend that it would be the London home of his wife, "little suspecting, etc." I sympathise with these writers, for I am sure they must occasionally suspect that such items do not exactly suggest the degree of intimacy that they should. But perhaps it does not matter.

"Is London Dull?"

A MORNING paper asked editorially last week. Its own answer practically amounted to, "Yes—and wants to be, prefers it." And this because the last trains are not full, and the restaurants still have room for more supper parties, the alleged reason being that we are too busy "in the pursuit of a livelihood" to concern ourselves about "the night life of London," described as "a problem which affects an exceedingly small section of the population." All this might be said with equal truth and folly about the newspaper in which it is printed, or about Einstein's theory of relativity. It is, of course, essentially untrue. Every reasonable person recognises that the brightness of a great city

THEN— —NOW

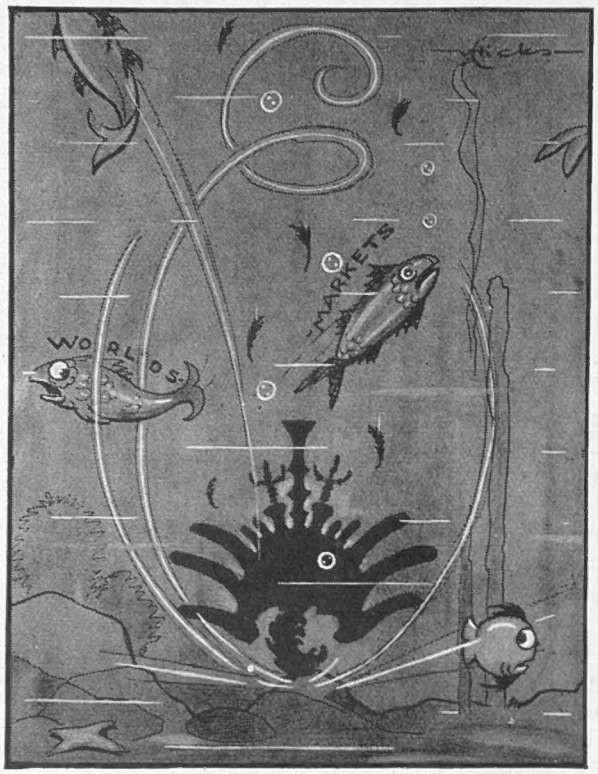
"The High Price of Flour is the reason of the High Price of Bread"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

is as important to it as is that of its windows to certain shops. Don't tell me that the bright—and free—shows in, let us say, Regent Street and Oxford Street are of no value to the clever people who run them!

The L.C.C. and The Follies

LAST trains and supper tables are not yet all fully occupied. Give them a chance! Had they been available last summer thousands of people would have come to London or remained in London, and spent thousands of pounds, instead of stopping at home or going elsewhere. With last trains and suppers, of course, I include other restorations of long lost liberties. The midnight Follies filled a supper room, and thirty-nine members of the L.C.C. shut them up! When the L.C.C. was asked to reconsider its decision, Colonel Levita, chairman of the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, said that he was "unaware that any well-informed public opinion had been expressed on the matter."



IN LOW WATER By Victor Hicks

The German mark having reached rock bottom now seems to be bouncing up again

"Naughty" Suppers!

I WOULD not contradict the Colonel for worlds. But, in his position, ought he to be "unaware." Let him look at 99 per cent. of the daily and weekly Press. I insist upon thinking that it expresses "well-informed public opinion," better than even thirty-nine members of the L.C.C. But can it be that there are those who think that a bit of supper at the Savoy or Carlton is "naughty?"

"MORE UNEMPLOYED" By "Fitz"

Only three theatres in London are producing pantomimes this Christmas!

An Echo of the Russian Expedition

THE majority of us, I think, had but a very nebulous idea of what our Forces underwent while fighting the Bolsheviks on the termination of the War in France, but I see that the North Russian (Murmansk) Reunion Dinner Club are holding their annual dinner at the Imperial Restaurant on December 19. It should be a very interesting gathering, as Major-General Sir Charles M. Maynard, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Admiral Sir John F. E. Green, K.C.M.G., C.B., who commanded the Naval forces in the White Sea, will be present, and a variety of other officers more or less distinguished in the Great War. This small force which operated in the wild forest tracts of Northern Russia, had a very ticklish time, for they often had command of local forces whose loyalty was extremely doubtful—the direct cause of the Archangel mutiny. Many "War mysteries," unknown to most of us, will doubtless see light.

"Manners, Please"

IT is curious how news of the presence of Royalty will spread throughout the largest building. It was so at Olympia last week when the Duke of York arrived. He came in by the Hammersmith Road entrance—not the main one—and yet, in the twinkling of an eye, everybody seemed to know that he was there. The Duke was, of course, followed about from stand to stand by the usual crowd, and in that connection I think it is a pity that a certain section of the public is not a little more mannerly on these occasions. The Royal Family move freely almost every day among their people, and everybody loves to see them. But is there any need to stand and stare?

Thoughtless Crowds

WHEN the Duke of York, for instance, pays a semi-private visit to an exhibition in which

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comforting reflection that their enjoyment was benefiting somebody else have had an embarrassment of choice. First there was the ball at Chesterfield House, lent by Lord Lascelles, in aid of the Canning Town Dockland Settlement and Boys' Clubs. The Royal engagement sent all the world flocking to the beautiful old house to see Princess Mary's future *intérieur*, so many, in fact, that whilst the charity must have benefited considerably, half the folk who paid their guineas couldn't dance at all.

Saved from the Squash

THE Duke of York was to have been present to support his cousin, Princess Victoria Helena, who received the company at the top of the fine staircase, but another engagement saved him from the squash.

One day Sir John Martin and Lady Harvey lent their house in York Terrace, Regent's Park, for a meeting of the Ivory Cross, to discuss plans for a dancing matinée and fox-trot competition in aid of the funds of this splendid organisation. The Duchess of Portland pleaded very effectively and charmingly, and even an accident in Sir John's fuse-box, which plunged the house into darkness, did not damp the enthusiasm of the proceedings.

Photograph G. P. U.

THE OPENING OF THE UNITED CHARITY FÊTE

Princess Beatrice kindly consented to open this fête, held at the Hotel Cecil in aid of charity. Above can be seen, from left to right: Lady Crutchley, Lady Crosfield and Lady Pearson

On yet another day Lady Londonderry gave a private-view tea-party at Londonderry House of the work done by the War Service Legion Guild of Sailor and Soldier Broderers before the two days' sale. The work done by disabled ex-service men who have been taught to "broider" is astonishingly good and original; so good, indeed, that the Queen made a special visit to Londonderry House on the morning of the first day's sale.

Photograph] A GREAT QUEEN *[Central News*

Queen Alexandra celebrated her 77th birthday on Thursday last. Her Majesty, who is in the best of health, is seen with Queen Maud of Norway, who is staying with Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House

Mrs. Asquith's Silence

THE culmination of charity was at Devonshire House, when a battalion of distinguished authors and other folk, including Sir James Barrie and Mrs. Asquith, gave a performance of *Not So Bad As We Seem*, which was Not Half So Bad As We Expected. In fact, quite professionally excellent—perhaps because the "amateurs" were nearly all brilliant professionals in their own line. And I must say I found it rather a relief, if anything, to be spared for once the same old theatrical stars with their same old theatrical mannerisms. Ivor Novello, of the sleek black hair, made a fascinating hero, and was much congratulated afterwards by Mr. Asquith and Eddie Marsh, and others of that coterie who came to see Margot as, "for once," a Silent Lady.

Seventy Years Ago

THIS comedy, written by Edward Bulwer Lytton (the present Lord Lytton's grandfather), was performed seventy years ago in the same house before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Charles Dickens superintended the original performance, and the object of its repetition—a repetition,

too, of history, because of its distinguished players—was to raise money for a Children's Library in Somers Town, which is to be housed in Dickens's early home in that dreary neighbourhood. In 1851 Wilkie Collins, Tenniel, Douglas Jarrold, and Mark Lemon were amongst the players. In 1921, in addition to Sir James Barrie, we had Mr. John Galsworthy, the Poet Laureate, and Mr. Augustus John.

The play was followed by a dance, in which a quadrille in costume was a great feature—but it is only your professional actor or dancer who knows the necessity of prolonged and careful rehearsals. However, why be carping and critical? It was all for charity. And if very distinguished folk forgot their words and their steps many volumes will now be at the disposal of the bookless little folk in Somers Town.

The Craze à la Mode

IF you want to be in the latest fashion you must take to furnishing. So far as I can gather, the proper procedure is this. At breakfast you decide that your dining-room (it may, of course, be your drawing-room, your bedroom, or your snuggery) is not "sympathetic." Between the bacon and the jam you decide what would be "sympathetic"—Regency, Louis Quinze, Empire or Jacobean. Louis Seize, I gather from a most reliable source, is *démodé*, *Chinoiserie* has almost become suburban, and as for the Bakst purples and greens and blues, yellows that positively twittered at you from the walls, and indigos that squirmed above you from the ceiling—all that is relegated to the attics—or Chelsea.

No, the *mode* of the moment is to have *one* perfect "sympathetic room." So when you have decided on your period you run round all the antique shops, buying here and there—bless you, the excitement of day after day! Then, when you have bought all that you believe to be genuine—but "fake" here is thy victory—you arrange your room—on the lines of a print of the period—and there you are!

An engrossing part of the game is running round to your friends' houses to admire and criticise their progress and receiving their admiration and advice in return. When you get tired of your "sympathetic" room you sell its contents to a dealer—or piecemeal to your friends—and begin all over again on another period. Sometimes you make a profit; sometimes you don't. But I wonder if the hope of profit is at the bottom of the discovery being made by so many women just now that their rooms are not "sympathetic."

Photograph ENGAGED [*Yevonde*

A new portrait of Miss Gertrude Millicent Cooper, whose engagement is announced to Lord Angus Kennedy, the third son of the Marquis of Ailsa, of Culyean Castle, Ayrshire. Miss Cooper is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gervais Weir Cooper

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MRS. H. H. ASQUITH

The wife of our ex-Prime Minister, who assisted in the performance of "Not so Bad as We Seem," recently produced at Devonshire House. The effect of her performance as "The Silent Lady of Deadman's Lane" was not at all that might have been expected

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. SYBIL HARDINGE

The younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Hardinge, whose engagement to the Hon. Hugh Douglas Pennant, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Penrhyn, is just announced. Lord Hardinge is our Ambassador in Paris

Her Reason

THE announcement, "The marriage arranged between Mr. So-and-So and Miss Such-and-Such will not take place" which concerned two young people, very well known in the *monde*, a fortnight before their marriage, has caused much speculation. There seemed to be no reason. They were—apparently—very fond of one another. He was a good fellow, and well-off, in spite of taxation; she was most attractive and known to be not over-happy at home. His family protested there had been no quarrel. "What *was* the reason?" asked the world.

Here it is. Coming downstairs one day to luncheon the bride-to-be saw her boxes piled up in the hall, just sent back from the trunk-maker. They all bore her new initials.

She gasped. "I can't!" she cried, "I simply can't!"

"You can't what?" asked her mother.

"Go through life with those initials!"

Imagine the scene, you who are the mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters of a maiden promised to an advantageous marriage!

The upshot of all this was the announcement in the morning papers.

Were ever initials before the cause of love's labour being lost?

Mysterious Markings

A FRIEND of mine who lives in the Eaton Square region noticed a few days ago as she was passing her area to her front door two small X's in

Photograph *G. C. Beresford*

MISS GLEN OLDHAM

The only daughter of the late Captain Edgar Oldham and Mrs. Oldham, who is engaged to Captain Marshall O. Roberts, who recently joined Colonel Birkin in the Mastership of the South Notts Hounds

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS EILEEN OAKELEY

A younger daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., and Lady Oakeley, whose wedding to Mr. Wilfred Haig Loyd, youngest son of Mr. A. K. Loyd, K.C., D.L., and Mrs. Loyd, will take place at St. Mary's Church, Frittenden, on December 31

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE COUNTESS POULETT

Whose engagement to Major P. H. Hansen has just been announced. Lady Poulett is the widow of the seventh Earl, and is a daughter of Fred Story, the artist and comedian

chalk upon a small window beside the area door. She thought it odd, and at once told her butler. He explained that the window fastening—an iron bar perforated with holes, which fixed upon a stud on the window-sill—had broken. A glazier had been sent for. He had come and had promised to return himself or send someone else the next day with a new fastening. The butler thought the chalk X's had been made by the glazier to indicate where the repair was needed.

His mistress accepted the explanation. But later in the day it occurred to her that if the man returned himself he needed no such indication, and that if another workman came he would only need to enquire of the servants where the fastening was to be placed. The more she thought about it the more uneasy she became. Finally she ordered the chalk X's to be washed off.

Photograph *Bertram Park*

THE HON. EMILY BURNS

A sister of Lord Inverclyde, whose engagement has just been announced to Lieut. Gerald McKenna, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore McKenna. He is nephew of Mr. Reginald McKenna, and a cousin of Mr. Stephen McKenna

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE ERSKINE-BAIRD WEDDING

Miss Rosemary Baird, a daughter of Brig.-General G. W. Baird, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after her marriage to Lt.-Col. Arthur Erskine, D.S.O., a relation to the Earl of Buchan

Beware the Little X's

THE butler slept in the basement. His mistress had inspired him with her uneasiness, so instead of going to bed he sat up in his room. About one o'clock he heard someone coming down the area steps. A light shone first through the window fronting the area, moving slowly along; then it shone through the window with the broken fastening. The butler rushed out, nearly knocking a man, who was stooping against the window, over.

With a deft movement the man kicked the butler's legs from beneath him. He fell headlong, and the man bolted up the steps. But he left behind an electric torch and a jemmy!

The window marked with the two chalk X's would have let him into the house with the small pains of prizing out its central swivel on either side. So, as I say, beware the little X's.

By "Jonk"

STOCK EXCHANGE CELEBRITIES

No. VII.—THE LATE G. E. B. KENNEDY

Who was, perhaps, the most popular man in the House. When markets were in the mud his smile would pierce the thickest fog of pessimism. A keen follower of all sports and shares, was also Hon. Secretary of the Stock Exchange Athletic Committee. Something of a "wet-bob," too, being a winner of the Wingfield Sculls and a "runner-up" for the Diamonds

Amenities Feminine

THE following was overheard at a *thé dansant*. Two dames of degree were talking of another dame, likewise of degree, sitting on the opposite side of the room.

"I thought the ———'s were very badly hit," said Dame No. 1, "but Lady ———, I see, still keeps her motor."

"Yes," cooed Dame No. 2, "and she keeps her reputation as well. But, then, she has always been so clever!"

Sing Hey for Corsica!

THE lucky folk who are able to get to the South should not miss an opportunity for further pleasure and of seeing new ground. A new steamship route has been opened from Monaco to Corsica, which brings that beautiful island several hours nearer.

Formerly one could only go from Nice or Marseilles in indifferent boats to Ajaccio. The route from Monaco is much more direct, and, I hear, the steamers are excellent.

Corsica is so beautiful and interesting one wonders why it has not become a serious rival to the Riviera itself. The sea-passage—and not always a smooth one; you know what the Mediterranean can do when it likes—is, of course, against it, but it has never been permitted to have the attractions of the Riviera in the way of *cercles* and casinos. So Corsica can only appeal to the people who don't care much about gambling and tennis tournaments. But if you are on the Riviera take my advice and go across to Corsica. You will find some excellent trout-fishing and some shooting, too. But don't expect to find moufflon—that animal, a sort of wild sheep, is practically extinct in Corsica now, and you will have to cross into Sardinia if you are ambitious for a head.

A Famous Beauty Spot

THE scenery is gorgeous. I think I have seen most of the "beauty spots" in Europe, but I know nothing more superb than the view down the Gulf of Ajaccio at early morning or at sunset. There are all sorts of excursions to be made from Ajaccio, where people mostly stay and where there are one or two excellent hotels. You will do them by motor, I suppose, nowadays, but in old days one used to drive and take about a week to make a tour, stopping each night at some primitive inn—and most interesting and amusing it was.

One of the great charms of Corsica is the *maquis*—a tangle of cistus, asphodel, arbutus, myrtle, and sweet-smelling herbs, which covers the mountains to their tops with a green carpet. The scent is indescribable, and your Corsican-born, like Napoleon, always vows he can smell it a mile away at sea.

Take my advice. Make the trip across to Corsica; you will find it worth while.

The Riviera Week by Week

by Dunce-Scotus

Photograph *E. Stehelin*

THE VALESCURE GOLF CLUB HOUSE NEAR ST. RAPHAEL

THE Principality of Monaco, the Republic of France, the Kingdom of Italy on this Riviera coast, even the High Seas here, ought to be happy, like the country without a history. No suicides, no motor smashes, no strikes, no wrecks, no Conan Doyles here with news from "the other side." Lord have mercy upon us miserable scribblers! We felt inclined to ask in despair "What are the wild waves saying?" They are wild at times despite the cloudless sky—glorious white combing billows some days lately. It is hard to make bricks without straw. Makes me wish I could froth like the sea horses.

LOTS to do, however, really, for either tired workers or the strong man who wants to run his race rejoicing, or the still more energetic female of the twentieth century. For one thing it is going to be a dancing season not merely for the young or middle-aged, but for the very old. Last season generals of every rank and country set the pace and benefited hugely, and the teachers had a great time. Now every hotel is looking for these get-rich-quick experts, and the best amateurs of last season, and the prettiest girls, are being engaged as dancing prodigies and masters of the ceremonies. Salvation to some who are paying off hotel debts honestly by the artistic exercise of their twinkling toes. It is a pleasant change from the ordinary lounge lizard who was generally an ex-waiter or something much less worthy—in one case an escaped convict from Devil's Island who was an adept in various ways and was finally caught abstracting some *mille* notes from the vanity bag in the hand of his fair partner as he whirled her round in the mad ecstasy of the wild music of a band of savages. What is a hundred franc note in comparison with five minutes of such bliss and high distinction? They are engaged like secretaries by multi-millionaire Dagos and forced on unwilling proprietors (whose ordinary clients sometimes object, but are met by the offer to engage the whole floor of an hotel rather than be baulked in the moment's whim). There is, however, a tendency to require dance music of a higher class to which you can dance and not merely rag or posture.

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT MONTE CARLO

Mrs. Sam Goldenberg and the Vicomtesse Freda des Garets, with candidates for canine laurels, on the terrace at Monte Carlo

Photograph *E. Navello*

A HONEYMOON ON THE RIVIERA

The Right Hon. Robert Munro, Lord Advocate for Scotland, with Mrs. Munro, on La Festa tennis courts at Monte Carlo. They were married, it will be remembered, quite recently

Shine! shine! shine! pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask, we two together,
Two together!
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers or mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together

is enough for many blest fire-worshippers here.

THE Earl and Countess of Mar passed the summer quietly at Monte

THE RIVIERA WEEK BY WEEK (*concluded*)

Carlo in their Villa Indiana, overlooking the valley of Ste. Dévote. The premier Baron of Scotland is eighty-five, and one of the oldest British residents. They are very musical, and find here a climate where they can often enjoy the best orchestras out of doors. They gave their first tea on Tuesday.

The first ballet *Brahma* was given last week, and, like the comedy and concert night, the Salle Garnier was crammed with the delighted visitors

The Nice races on the pretty course at the mouth of the Var river began on December 5, and go on till January 28, to be followed by the races at Cannes A million francs are given in prizes

THE weather-glass is still "set fair," but there is an autumn nip in the air, which is exquisite in the morning's bright sun. Not so many bathers now, as people are getting into the swing of winter gaieties and social functions.

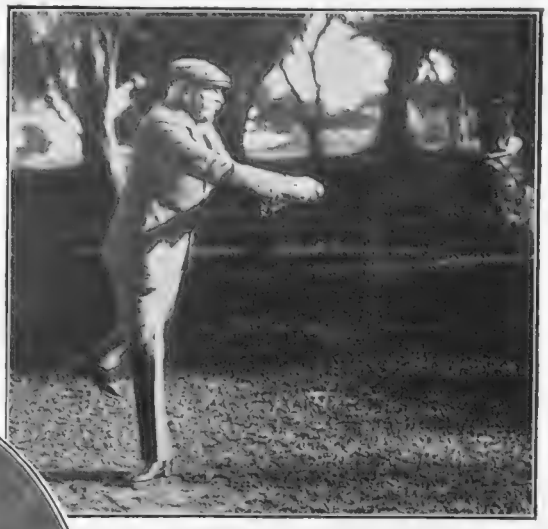
AT Monte Carlo the weekly bogey competitions began last Thursday, December 1. The regular course of eighteen holes, instead of the nine summer holes, was opened on November 15, as well as the famous restaurant so well run by *chefs* from the Hôtel de Paris. Here golfers and their lucky guests lunch for 10 francs, while visitors are charged 15 francs. Each *plat* is cooked separately for each table, and — the great secret — served straight from the fire. There are no changes in the golf charges for the last three years, while those of other clubs have been steadily mounting. The drive up from the Casino in the morning is a treat just now, and the wise practise breathing exercises *en route* through the pure ozone of the pine woods and mountains. The charge is only 12 francs, or under a dollar, for twenty-five miles up and down one of the finest excursions in the world. The golf car starts just now at 9.15 from the Casino and returns at dark. It picks up golfers at the hotels and villas *en route*, if there is room, and, of course, it meets the funicular trains as usual. Other cars will shortly be added. Direct services to the golf club will shortly be started from Nice, Beaulieu (from "Le Parc" Hotel), the Eden Hotel at Cap d'Ail and Menton. The Auto-Riviera *salon*-cars bring golfers from far-away Cannes to the Casino in time to catch train or car for the golf.

Photograph *J. G. Horn*

ARTHUR GRANT

The "Pro" at Monte Carlo and Brides-les-Bains. He is the nephew of Ben Sagers, of North Berwick, and holds many distinguished records

THE Riviera is now the playground of Europe, as General Pershing realised when here. He arranged that every fighting American in France should have seven clear days down here to refit himself for the poisonous tasks of modern war. Many thousands who determined to play golf again on Mont Agel in happier times are now filtering back. Over thirty names are already down for the first bogey competition, including Major Bryce, M. A. del Court (the pioneer of golf in Holland), Colonel Cattell, Captain Powell, M. Muhlhauser (of New York), Mr. R. H. Montgomery (of New York), Major Rankine, Miss Robertson, Mr. Peter Gannon, Mr. E. P. C. Ralli, Mr. Daubeny, Mr. Danks, Mr. Hugh Coghlan, Captain Steele, Mr. Harvey Twining, Dr. MacGeagh, Dr. Vickers, Mr. Howard Copland (of New York), Mr. Stafford (founder of Santa Barbara Golf Club, California), Captain Chadwick, Mr. Chunn, Colonel Batchelor, Colonel Bignell, Captain George Wilder, Major Stafford; Arthur and Robert Grant are very busy teaching, and another Scottish pro. arrives shortly. Mrs. Sam Goldenberg is offering a prize on Thursday, December 29, from Messrs. Mappin and Webb (value 200 francs).



Photograph *E. Navello*

PLAYING TO THE SEVENTEENTH

The Duke of Connaught, who is now living at his villa at Cap Ferrat, playing at the Nice Golf Club recently

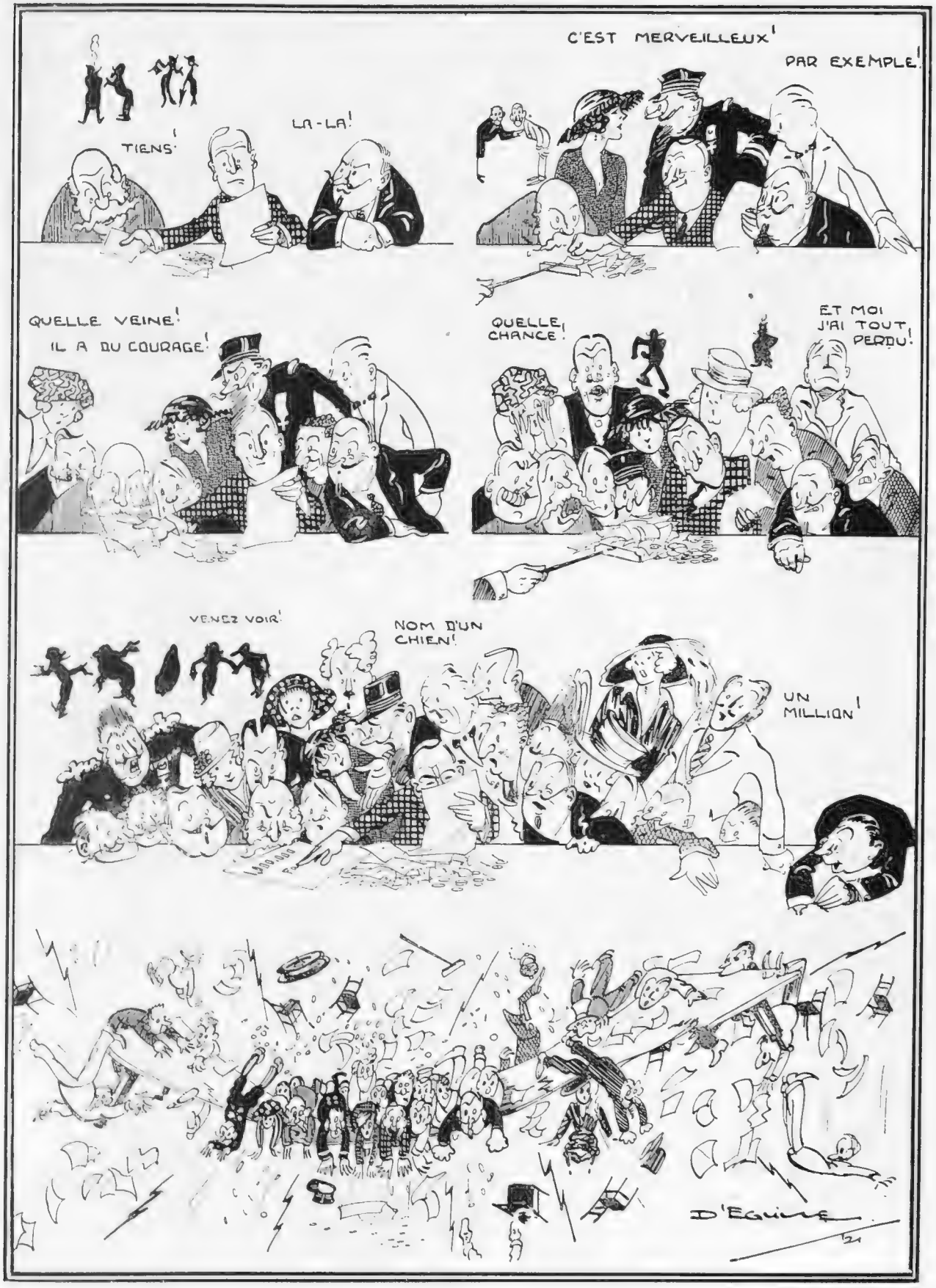
Photograph *Topical Press*

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND

The first Oxford University Trial Match on the ice, prior to the Hockey International which takes place at St. Moritz. From the teams of whites and stripes a team will be picked for the International match to be played at the Manchester Ice Palace

Throughout the season, the French Riviera and Society's doings there will be fully and intelligently dealt with by Special Correspondents at the different centres, illustrated with drawings in black and white and colour, and with topical photographs.

At Monte Carlo



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

THE MAN WHO HAD A SYSTEM

WILL SHAKESPEARE

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

CLAUDE RAINS AS KIT MARLOWE

THIS is a play that gives you a sense of bigness. It is written, to begin with, round a very big subject, and the story is ambitiously told in blank verse, which, while always stately, is at times very beautiful indeed. Then, again, there is a roominess in the setting of the scenes that suggest that the aim of the producers must have been to give a concrete illustration of "the spacious days of Elizabeth." There are sharp divergencies of opinion as to the merit of the play, but to my own thinking it bears upon it the imprint of high quality right from the start. Miss Clemence Dane, the gifted author, calls it an Invention. She claims to have done no more than suggest the nature of the experiences which went to the development of Shakespeare's genius. Her characters are, for the most part, historical, or nearly so. It is generally understood, to begin with, that there was an English Queen named Elizabeth. Indeed, during our schooldays we were not permitted even to doubt the rumour; while Henslowe, the theatrical manager, and Kit Marlowe, the dramatist, both have their enthusiastic backers ready to prove that these people once actually existed. All that Miss Dane has done, therefore, has been to weave a story about these people with the valuable aid of rare Ben Trovato.

THE scenes are described on the programme with a meticulous care for detail, that is in itself refreshingly novel. For instance, the first

MOYNA MACGILL AS ANNE HATHAWAY

scene is "The Home of Will Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, towards sunset of an early spring day." I do not see how you could very well amplify that, unless, to satisfy the sticklers for still greater precision, you added that the hour is six-forty-nine, the wind N.E. by E., and the thermometer 48.5. We first meet Shakespeare as he sits at a table trying to coax the divine afflatus in the direction of his manuscript, while his wife, Anne, with a persistency worthy of a better cause, keeps plying him with irrelevant questions, and chiding him for not paying attention to her idle chatter. Then Henslowe, the theatrical manager (a most delightful performance by Mr. Arthur Whitby), bursts in upon the scene and bids Will come with him to London where fame and fortune await him. After a slight show of reluctance Will allows himself to be persuaded, and having decided to associate himself closely with the theatrical profession, he begins by separating from his wife. I have often wondered who it was that was responsible for creating this revered precedent.

THE first act is largely occupied with a discussion as to the particular month in which Anne expects that her baby will be born. This is, of course, an all-absorbing topic for the feminine mind, but it would seem to be one more suited to the decorous seclusion of a mothers' meeting than to romantic drama. The chronological details thus elicited, however, afford Will the excuse he is seeking for running away from home, while the scene gives Miss Moyna Macgill, as the tearful Anne, the opportunity for some very powerful acting indeed. Will is not long in London before he is summoned to appear before the Queen, who is financing the drama of the day in a business-like manner, and not unreasonably wishes to be sure that she is getting her money's worth of art in return. It is at the Court of Elizabeth that Will meets, and falls desperately in love with, Mary Fitton, here assumed to be the unidentifiable Dark Lady of the Sonnets, whose eyes were "raven black," and who appears to have been a bit sunburnt generally. "If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun." This will end our detailed description of the Dark Lady. Mary Fitton does not appear to have been a particularly proper young person. One or two of her "affairs" have been notorious; and yet she is quite indignant on hearing that all the time he has been courting her Will has been a married man. He might have pointed out to her that there

are worse things than being married; but he is too desperately in love with her to be argumentative.

IT is the fascinating Mary Fitton who inspires the play, *Romeo and Juliet*, and who on the wonderful first night of the production takes the part of Juliet with hysterical enthusiasm. Just about here Kit Marlowe is introduced as Will's rival in Mary's affections, and Will is so upset about it that he finds himself quite unable to concentrate on his immortal-bard job. Mary, however, is off with the old love and on with the new with a facility born, doubtless, of much practice; and when Marlowe has some urgent business to do at an inn at Deptford, with bottles and drinking-cups, Mary follows him at a hard gallop. She comes dressed as a page, doubtless for greater security in riding through the streets; but it is not the cowl that makes the monk, and Kit welcomes her eagerly enough. This very trying part of Mary Fitton, is admirably played by Miss Mary Clare, who, with her attractive appearance and rich voice, performs her task with conspicuous success.

however, it is he and not Will who gets it in the neck, and dies from the cut direct. There have been complaints from Shakespeare's adorers that in addition to all other liberties taken with the name of the Bard, Miss Dane has now saddled Will with the crime of murder. But if a man rushes at you with a knife, and you knock him backwards into the coal-scuttle, and he is then hoist with his own petard, he has certainly no one but himself to blame. He has clearly been guilty of the crime of Asking For It. After all, the individual Shakespeare is a very shadowy character in history. His best friends have had to admit that he stole deer, ran away from his wife, and consorted with a Lady of No Importance, and his admirers have no need to be over-sensitive about the personal reputation of a man of that kind. Besides which there is a clear rumour to the effect that Will died from taking a drop too much at his birthday celebration—another Awful Example for the prohibitionist, by the way. And then there are not wanting those who say that Will never wrote the plays at all, but that their author was Francis Bacon, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," attributes that should qualify a man for almost any kind of dramatic outburst.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is played with a delicate skill by Miss Haidee Wright. At first she is little more than the cynical and hard-fisted woman of affairs; but, in the last act, the Queen addresses to Will Shakespeare a sort of *Apologia* for Queens in general and herself in particular. It is a most graceful piece of composition, and Miss Wright speaks her lines with an appealing tenderness that gives an added charm and distinction to their simple beauty. Having spoken at some length, the Queen obligingly leaves Will the use of the gorgeous Council Chamber, so that he may dash off undisturbed another instalment of what the amiable printer usually refers to as "your stuff." He sits there in state, surrounded by expensive writing materials, and begins to think up some dialogue for his new play. I do not know if dramatists usually work amid such costly and comfortable surroundings, although one of the most famous of the breed has informed us that he jots down his snappiest dialogue on the backs of old envelopes while riding on the tops of omnibuses. Different beasties, different tasties, as the saying goes. Mr. Philip Merivale as Will Shakespeare and Mr. Claud Rains as Kit Marlowe play with creditable talent; but I think the honours of the production are easily carried off by the ladies. I am glad to have had the opportunity of seeing so excellent and inspiring a play. JINGLE

WILL SHAKESPEARE, riding hard in pursuit of Mary, comes upon the lovers just as they are in the middle of a very affectionate hug; and in his querulous way he breaks up the meeting, and forbids the banns, as it were. But Kit Marlowe is a desperate man at the moment, and he does not hesitate to draw a knife upon the Will Shakespeare, who was once his closest friend. In the ensuing scuffle,

"The Golden Moth"

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS SYLVIA LESLIE

As "Zozo" in "The Golden Moth" the musical play of adventure at the Adelphi, where W. H. Berry indulges in some effective razor-stropping. Miss Leslie is the daughter of Sir Leslie Ward ("Spy"), the famous caricaturist

Authors and their Hobbies

BY HORACE WYNDHAM

A LEADING author says, "I spend my spare time cleaning my house with an electric sweeping machine."

That other distinguished literary men (and women) devote their leisure hours to indulging in equally playful hobbies is shown by the following carefully selected examples :—

ARNOLD BENNETT : "I am much interested in ceramics. Although I have only been engaged on it for a few years, my collection already includes a number of remarkably good specimens from the Potteries district and the Five Towns."

G. K. CHESTERTON : "The whimsical suggestion that I seek relaxation from my literary work in assuming the role of M.C. at a popular Palais de Dance is flattering, but unfounded. It is probably due to my well-known slimness of figure. This, however, is really preserved by my daily habit of chasing butterflies along the Thames Embankment."

HENRY ARTHUR JONES : "Every prominent dramatist should have a hobby. Mine takes the form of confuting generally accepted, but quite unsubstantiated, beliefs. The one on which I am engaged in demolishing just now is that truth lies in Wells."

SIR OLIVER LODGE : "Such little freedom as I have left from the active pursuit of my scientific researches is devoted to the management of a spirits business."

NO MUSIC LOVER By FRANK R. GREY

SHE : "I consider these modern dances just hugging set to music"
HE : "And you object to ——"
SHE : "I have no ear for music"

WILLIAM LE QUEUX : "Owing to the slump in the market for disclosures about foreign Royalties, my present contracts only call for the reduced output of one book per week. Having, therefore, a certain amount of unoccupied time on my hands, I am taking up the work of a private enquiry agent. Foreign Orders solicited."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW : "The utterly absurd and ridiculously offensive suggestion that I put in an hour a day officiating as a meat porter in Smithfield market I regard as a thoroughly scandalous and characteristically impudent libel. Now, if only Billingsgate had been mentioned——" etc.

GEORGE R. SIMS : "I spend my scanty leisure in gardening, with special attention to the cultivation of Mustard and Cress. For many years past I have succeeded in producing an exceptionally fine crop on Sundays."

LYTTON STRACHEY : "I find quite a remunerative spare time employment to be that of restoring and remodelling family reputations. In this connection my recent efforts on behalf of Some Eminent Victorians are probably well known. The work, however, is not unattended by risk."

H. G. WELLS : "I am devoting my unoccupied moments to the compilation of a chatty little brochure (to be completed in 150 volumes, and 1,000 monthly doles) on 'Decorum for Dramatists.'"

MRS. ASQUITH : "My present hobby is lion taming. Several unique specimens, hitherto considered absolutely unapproachable, are now so domesticated that they eat out of my hand."

MRS. ELINOR GLYN : "After my literary labours, I find an hour or two on the rink a mental stimulant to fresh efforts. The thinner the ice, the more successful I am in skating over it."

HORACE WYNDHAM

A FASHION column is headed "Trifles in Leather." A newly wed husband says that's just how his wife serves up *her's !*

* * *

"TRADE Follows the Flag."—PROFESSOR MICHELS. We suppose that is why trade is "flagging !"

Pogo Golf

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

PUTTING ON THE SECOND GREEN

Mimi

MIMI, with what enchanting grace
You wear your latest Paris gown!
So charming shows your piquante face
Above the film of silk and lace
'Twould quicken half the "Bloods" of Town.

Mimi, with what a regal air
You face these dames of high degree,
Who now discuss the gown you wear,
And watch you with an ill-bred stare
While you trip by so daintily.

Mimi, I feel a burning hate
Which surely cannot count as sin,
Because, by some strange twist of Fate,
Your critics live in pampered state
While you—are just a Mannequin!

MARY L. C. GRANT

As Happy as Sand Boys

Photograph *Horace W. Nichol's*

AT CANNES

The working side of the coast of pleasure

The Pattern of Politics: *From a Woman's Point of View*

BY MARION CRAN, F.R.H.S.

"THERE'S another woman in there!" said my companion as we passed the Houses of Parliament the other day. "We shall have to learn what it all means, I'm afraid, now that we are full citizens, and the thing concerns us women directly."

I glanced at the familiar pile.

"I've been thinking that myself," I admitted. "What *are* politics?"

"Putting a cross against a name on a piece of paper is all I know about it," she answered, "but there must be a pattern somewhere to the whole thing. There must be something interesting which we ought to know; some source of the river of words they hose on us from platforms at election times. Some shape to the great amorphous bundle of wills in there."

"If we once knew what it was, that building would come to have a meaning for us," I mused, "and a new interest would enliven our minds. Whenever I speak to a politician he replies in a jargon of technicalities which are like a foreign language to me."

"I know," said my friend, "I have not an idea what they are talking about. It wants some woman as ignorant as we to find out and tell us the pattern of the work in there; those who know anything are no good, because they assume a knowledge in us which we do not possess and bemuse us with shibboleths."

I murmured agreement, and she went on in fiery haste, all lit up by an idea she must needs express.

"We accept the conditions of our ordered lives like children, and yet we help to make them. The power that protects, controls, and guides our whole lives springs there; takes corporeal shape in a large house by a little river. It is a talk house, a parley house, where talk turns into acts, and those acts twist our habits for the rest of our lives. It is a lighthouse, from which streams the ray of direction upon the dark disorders of our myriad, myriad wills. What do they do there? What pattern does it all work to? How do the wheels go round? We don't know anything, and it must be most interesting."

"Tell you what, I'll go and see," I said, stoutly, such eloquence having invaded me with a new and lively curiosity.

And not so long afterwards I set forth on this new Pilgrim's Progress—a female Bunyan, average ignorant, average intelligent, one of the massed millions of London, peculiar only in this, that she desired to lighten the depths of an absolute, complete, and rayless ignorance of politics by looking inside the large house by the little river and seeing what goes on inside. There must be a pattern to its work, I argued, for the House abides; though the shadows under it come and go, incessantly borne in and out on electoral tides; the surge must conform to some system or its time would be wasted learning what to do when it got there.

Pursued by my gadfly, I took a taxi, which drove me into a large courtyard and dropped me by a small arch guarded by a policeman. To him I confided my desires, and suffered the pain of seeing his smiling eyes first frown in deep bewilderment and then narrow to unkind suspicions. In the frozen moment I bethought me of the Press, and asked if any pressmen were about. Journalists are humane men; I have never met one yet who was startled into believing a person mad or dangerous who asks for information; the policeman unbent his brows at the word, and passed me on with alacrity to a tall, fair colleague by another arch under a stoep, in whose engaging company I spent a couple of cheerful hours. Contact with Press had evidently cleared his mind of all surprise, and he betrayed extraordinary agility in assistance. After listening attentively to my quest he agreed that I should be well advised to find a member of the Press to show me politics.

"There's Blix," he said, bending his fair head confidentially. "He's a lobbyist; or Nix—he's another—or Nox or Vox. D'you know any of them?"

"Not one," I assured him; but entreated him to tell me which of their owners seemed to him the likeliest to oblige me. Standing at his tall ease under the shadow of the house of talk the Hibernian then delivered himself of a series of lightning word portraits, punctuated at intervals by the passage of men through a small door inside the arch which had the peculiarity of opening easily from the

THE CURE By VICTOR HICKS

George: "The doctor promised to put me on my feet again in three weeks"

Margot: "Which he did?"

George: "Yes, I jolly well had to sell my car to pay his bill!"

inside, but had to be unlocked by my friend whenever anyone from outside wanted to go in.

A small boy, eyeing us with cynical unconcern, was working a tiny lift through another doorway near by, and its rumble made a purring accompaniment to our conversation. Every now and then it would descend, engorged with slips of paper, which, being seized by messenger boys, would vanish into the autumnal mist fast gathering outside.

"I think Vox sounds nicest," I said at last, and immediately telephone and messengers were invoked by my gallant to search out the gentleman who would show me the pattern of politics. However, after two hours of flickering hope, constantly dashed by the elusive Vox, who fled before his seekers each time he was sighted as a soul before the Hound of Heaven, we took further counsel, and I was told to "go to St. Stephen's and send a green card in to my Member." He enlivened good-bye by confiding that he was usually bashful, but not so with me. Which led me to reflect that a policeman's life can hardly be as exciting as I had generally imagined it to be.

I went through the great courtyard, softened now to a dreamlike beauty by the mist, hung with golden globes of light, to a stately entrance much nearer the Abbey, where my need, now simplified to a request to see my Member of Parliament, was once more poured into a policeman's ear; and from him I toiled up a flight of stairs like Jacob's ladder, through wide and spacious halls till I found my Mecca in the possession of a green card, whereon I requested audience with the man my vote had helped into his seat.

Photograph BARRY CAULFIELD [*Will Cadby*

With his mother, not a hundred miles from Murren. He is the son of Mr. Vivian Caulfield, the author of "Ski-ing"

In due course a courteous Hebrew stood before me, and to him I explained that I would like to learn how I might discover the pattern of politics for my own good and others as ignorant as I. He gazed at me in frank dismay, denying that he knew anything at all of politics.

"You might as well ask me the flora and fauna of the Atlantic Ocean," he murmured, reproachfully. I was touched by his confusion and sincerity—he did not blister me with the usual mustard plaster of technical terms, nor drug me into insensibility with the common politician's platitudes. I accepted his simple regrets, and returned home to reflect upon my pilgrimage. It had been strangely fruitless; the whole effort had been rather like fighting with a pudding, something soft and blandly unyielding. . . .

MARION CRAN

DEST

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

TINY!

It may be true that the English take their love affairs a little seriously—

And will eat anything

TO TROUSE OR

BY THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

MES AMIS—

IF it had not been for Fernande I should hesitate to write upon the subject. But Fernande is possessed of the determination. She is sure that you shall desire to be kept informed about the matter. And she has uttered the threats as to what shall happen if you are not. I shall, however, at once reveal that she has the *parti pris*; and when one is the victim of the bias there is the subtraction to be made from the weight of the evidence.

IT is the *affaire de guerre* of the Not in These and the Certainly Not in Those. The *champs de sport* have become the *champs de bataille*. But it is the battle in which the foewomen do not meet. It is scarcely that they are on the terms to speak. If they do ever converse it is to make the unkind remarks to one and the other. But in the most they do despatch their weapons of the scorn and the sarcasms from the long range.

"It is very well for the skipping rope"

FERNANDE is attached to the Certainly Not in Those. She has explained to me the reasons. When one goes to play the sports of the men, it is obvious that one should adopt the costume which the men-players have proved to be the most suitable. But when those who have employed this logic have introduced the trousers for the football, there have been those who have borrowed the war-cry of your English music-hall and have declared, "Not in These." They have been asked, before the rift has become pronounced, to produce something better. Whereupon they have proposed a sort of loose robe which stops at the knee. But the logicians have pronounced it horrid. For the football, have they said, it has the effect to make the wearer look foolishly childish. It is very well for the skipping rope, but how can one maintain the dignity if one tries to play the violent game of football in a garment which has been left behind ten years ago in the nursery. So the supporters of the trousers have adopted as their battle-cry, "Certainly Not in Those."

IT would not be a so grave affair if there were not the complications by the progress of the sport. If all the best players wore the trousers and the worst ones had the *robes flottantes*, or if all the best ones wore the *robes flottantes* and the bad players had the *culottes*, it would be easily possible to permit each section to retain the garments of their choice. But the talents are misfortunately scattered about the both camps. What is one to do, therefore, when there is the occasion to collect the best possible team to make the exhibition before the Minister for the Sport or the members of the Corps Diplomatique? It is not permissible that one half of

"To trouse or not to trouse?"

But, on the other hand, the French regard food as a matter of some importance—

And can love practically anything

SKETCHES BY M. BUTCHER

NOT TO TROUSE

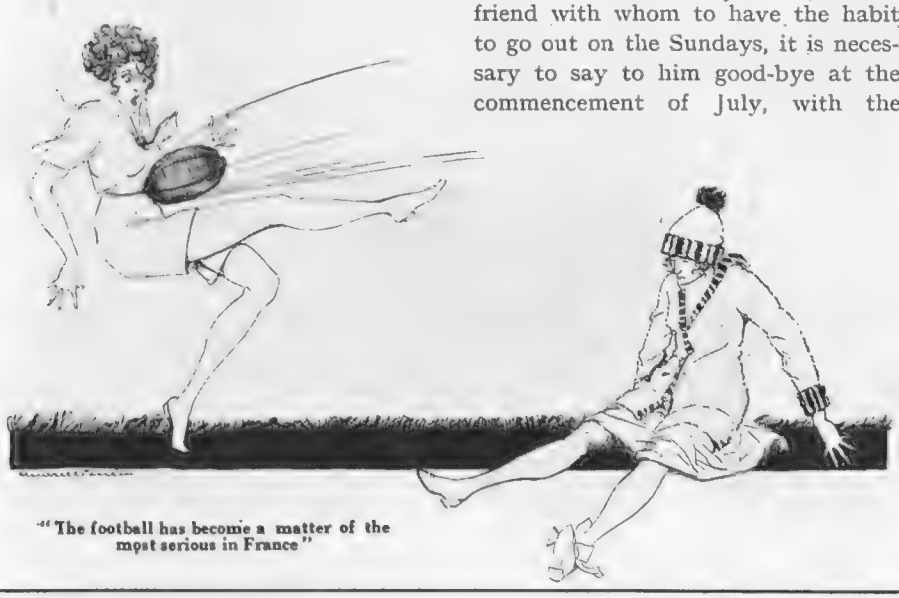
Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

the team shall be dressed as the Grecian maids and the other as the Tottenham Hotspurs. It would be too impossibly incongruous. The Ambassadors would surely send the code telegrams about it, to report to their Governments that the famous *goût Français* had been killed by the jealous jades of the football field.

ONE has, however, heard the *informations* (not from Fernande, who is opposed to the slightest concession in the way of flounces or frills) that a compromise is to be sought through the agency of the clever designers of the Rue de la Paix. Most especial efforts are to be made to invent a costume which shall satisfy the insistences of both of the contentious parties. I shall have to report to you later if the solution is found. One has the very grave doubts and the fears.

THERE is the need, however, to do something to avert the crisis between the Amazons and the Demoiselles. For the football has now become a matter of the most serious in France. It is not confined to the period between September and April, as in England. It has attracted the such numbers of fervents that there are the games all the year round. There are the leagues and the *championnats* and the *coupes* without the end. If one has had a friend with whom to have the habit to go out on the Sundays, it is necessary to say to him good-bye at the commencement of July, with the certainty that one shall not take a Sunday stroll with him again before the end of the next June. It has not yet attained the such terrible consequences with the friends who are the ladies. But there is the perfect possibility that it shall, if the passion for to chase the *ballon* continues to have the habit to catch which it has shown within the recent seasons. There is the dreadful prospect of the termination to the Sunday afternoon excursions to Robinson, to Saint Cloud, or to Saint Germain, unless it shall be that the engagements of the *championnat* have commanded the presence of the *amies* in these regions. And one must rule out for

"To go out on the Sundays"



"The football has become a matter of the most serious in France"

TO TROUSE OR NOT TO TROUSE? (concluded)

ever the woods of Meudon unless the *gardes champêtres* can be persuaded to cut down sufficient of the trees to make the place for a *terrain de sport.*

THERE has been another topic which has caused the agitations and the disputations. It has been when the most beautiful woman in France has exposed the hollowness of the life of glamour. It is not so long ago that Mlle. Souret, of the smile to bewitch, has basked in the admiration of the great audiences in London. For the many months before that she had had the "sensation" to appear as the most perfect rose on a huge bouquet which has been slung in a basket from one end to the other of the Théâtre Folies Bergère. She has conquered the affections of the thousands. Even the women have admitted that she is pretty. And she has received the *salaire magnifique* for the simple duty of to smile, and smile, and smile.

Photograph] SPESSIVA—OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET [*Stage Photo Co.*

Who, by her dancing at the Alhambra as "The Sleeping Princess," has made great success for herself in this latest of the Diaghileff productions

ONE would have thought that this should have been the ideal occupation — just to smile back at the hundreds of admirers who have been compelled to respond to the radiance of a most exceptional beauty. But it is too difficult for the modest *belle* of the Basque country. What would be, not only for the scores of the unknown *midinettes*, but also for the dozens of the envious actresses, the supreme joys of *la vie* are for her without the savour.

ONE had long ago prophesied for her the marriage with an English earl, or a prince from the farthest East. But she has preferred the obscurity of her little home near Biarritz, where she had lived in perfect happiness before the women of France have voted her to be *la reine de beauté.* There are many who have the thought that this is foolish. But one is glad to find many others who have the belief that it is very wise. ROLAND

The Chinese Puzzle

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE LAUNDRYMAN DOESN'T WASH WELL AT WASHINGTON

CHRONICLES OF HO SHI FU

EPISODE I.—THE DEED OF TRANSFER

BY ARTHUR MILLS

Ho Shi Fu was a Pekingese. Once upon a time, in China, his ancestors had been worshipped, and it may have been on this account that he had acquired the independent nature and reserve of disposition which some mistook for disobedience and cantankerousness.

Captain Garrivale, of His Majesty's Lancers, home from India on six months' leave, became acquainted with him three days after he landed in England. Garrivale had come to England chiefly in order to try to find a wife, being of an age—twenty-eight—when many young men think of settling down.

However, in the meanwhile he intended to go and see the big fight between Bombardier Bashem and Young Marvel. It was a fight, so the papers said, that would be worth seeing, both men being heavy-weights and resolute. There was much written about the Marvel's ferocious right-hand punch.

Well, Garry had just bought his ticket at a Bond Street agency, and was strolling down Piccadilly to his club, the hour being a little after noon, when he saw a girl coming towards him with a little dog under her arm. She looked an attractive girl at a distance, having a trim figure and a light, jaunty step, and when she drew level with him Garry fairly held his breath—or, at least, he dropped his eye-glass—an even greater manifestation of astonishment. She had dancing, amber-coloured eyes, full red lips, and soft brown hair. She was the sort of girl that young officers dream about during their long summer on the Indian plains. Garry nearly fell in love with her at first sight. He may have stared at her rather too hard. Anyway, the girl passed him, with her chin and little nose tilted in the other direction.

Garry crossed the street, and walked up the other side as fast as he could. Having got as far as Conduit Street he crossed and took up a position in front of a picture-dealer's, watching out of the corner of one eye for the approach of the girl. Of course, it was ridiculous to expect to make the acquaintance of a possible future wife casually in the street, but she was too pretty a girl to ignore altogether.

As she drew near he raised his hat.

"How do you do?" he said.

The action was so confidently carried out that it, for a moment, deceived the girl. She smiled prettily. Then the smile faded, and a puzzled look succeeded.

"It is stupid of me, but I can't quite remember——" she began.

"Where we met?" Garry assisted her.

The girl nodded. Garry saw now that her hair had got a streak of red in it.

"Why, just a little lower down," he said.

Her air of perplexity increased.

"A little lower down," she repeated.

"Yes," said Garry, "opposite Clifford Street."

She stared at him, and a hard glint came into her eyes, which had been so sunny and smiling a moment before. Garry knew he had what he called "mis-fired." He ransacked his brain wildly for a way out. Suddenly his eyes rested on the infinitesimal black nose and goggly eyes of the Pekingese under her arm. Inspiration came.

"You will think me quite extraordinary," he said, "but I wanted to ask you about your dog."

"What about him?" said the girl, shortly.

Garry went off at a hand-gallop. "You see, I have got an old aunt who is ill; she had a dog absolutely the livin' image of that one"—he pointed at Ho Shi Fu, who made a face at him—"the poor little chap"—Garry lowered his voice—"died this mornin'. The doctor says if my aunt is told this it may kill her, and sent me out to get another as like the first as possible. I have been to every dog shop in London, and was beginnin' to despair, when suddenly I saw you with that one. It is awful cheek, I know, but would you—er—sell him?"

The girl looked up at him. Her expression was less severe. She looked lovingly at the little dog under her arm, and caressed his ear. "You are a beauty, aren't you?" she whispered.

Garry thought he had never seen anything more ugly than the face of Ho Shi Fu. However, he said, warmly, "I think he is the loveliest little dog I have ever seen."

"He is a very good dog, too," said the girl, "one of the best bred in the country."

"I can see he is," Garry agreed, warmly.

A short silence followed, which Garry spent in trying to think out the next move. Here, right in front of him, was the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life. How delightful it would be to see her face opposite to him in the delicately subdued light of a well-chosen restaurant, how perfect to dance with her afterwards.

"I say," he said, "could you lunch with me to-day?" adding quickly, as the girl looked as though she was going to jib again, "I should like to talk to you about the dog."

She turned her wrist and looked at a small watch.

"It is half-past twelve now," said Garry; "say one o'clock at the Façade. Do come."

She hesitated. "Well . . . I . . I'll see. I shall have to telephone first."

Garry judged he had said as much as was safe for the moment. Things seemed shaping well, and were now best left to take their course.

"Look here, I'll go and book a table. You must come."

"I will if I can," said the girl, adding, with a twinkle, "and shall I bring the dog?"

"Yes, rather," said Garry, "think of my poor dear aunt."

Half an hour later Garry sat

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(Continued on page 569)

"A NEW ISSUE"

By the Stock Exchange Dramatic Society

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

PLAYING "MILADI"—MRS. VIOLET LEWIS

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS NESTA SAWYER : THE QUEEN

Photograph *Basil*

"GABRIELLE" IS BEING INTERPRETED BY MISS ANN CLARK

Photograph *Burrow*

MRS. ALBA QUEKETT WILL PLAY THE MOTHER SUPERIOR

"The Three Musketeers" is being produced by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, next week, and in the cast the above artistes are appearing. The proceeds of the performances are being given to the Stock Exchange Clerks' Provident Fund

BY HIGGINS

NEARLY ONE

in the lounge of the Façade, wondering if the girl with amber eyes would come. To pass the time he looked at an illustrated sporting paper, opening it at a double page photograph of the two boxers. Bombardier Bashem was a rough looking sort of fellow with a thick neck and bent nose. Young Marvel was more gracefully built. A footnote described him as the English Carpentier—a model of symmetry, grace, and deportment. If Garry had had time to turn the page he would have read more autobiographical details, but just then he looked up and saw, standing in the doorway, the girl with the dog.

He jumped up to greet her. "I say, this is simply splendid. I have got a good table. And you have brought the little fellow." He stretched out two fingers to Ho Shi Fu, who growled, making it perfectly clear what he would do to those fingers if he could reach them.

Over the *hors d'œuvre* Garry tried to find out something about the girl. So far he did not even know her name. He noticed when she removed her gloves she wore a wedding ring.

"Hardly old enough to be a War widow," he mused; "husband, probably a brute and deserted her."

He put one or two leading questions, but she parried them, returning every time to the subject of the dog. She pointed out in detail Ho Shi Fu's good points; the rich colour of his little fluffy coat, the width of his face, the lines of his little bandy legs.

"Absolutely as good a dog as you could find," she said.

"Yes," agreed Garry, absently; "my aunt will love him."

"Do you want to take him back after lunch?" asked the girl.

"Oh, no, not after lunch—not to-day," said Garry hurriedly.

The girl looked at him sharply. "But I thought you said the whole point of your getting a dog was that your aunt's dog had died this morning, and you wanted another to replace him before she discovered her loss."

"Yes . . . yes, of course—perhaps I had better take him back with me. Er . . . how much do you want for him?"

The girl was now all business-like attention. She leant forward. "Fifty guineas," she said.

"*Fifty guineas!*" Garry dropped his eyeglass.

"He is a prize Pekingese," said the girl, severely, "and cheap at that. Besides, you are lucky to find one just like the one your aunt lost."

It was on the tip of Garry's tongue to say he had not got an aunt, and that the last thing he wanted was a Pekingese. It must have been the instinct of self-preservation that restrained him, and made him say instead, "I was not wanting quite such an expensive dog."

"He is not expensive." She held up Ho Shi Fu. Suddenly, for the first time that day, an amiable expression came into Ho Shi Fu's face. He wagged his tail, and struggled to be put down. His head was turned towards the lounge.

The girl's eyes followed in the direction the dog was looking.

"There is my husband," she said, "Oh, dear!"

Garry began to feel most uncomfortable. Why should she say "Oh, dear!"

"He won't mind you lunching with me?" he asked.

"*Mind!*" echoed the girl. "I don't know what he would do if he found me having lunch with a man." She put her hand to her forehead and shuddered. "I . . . I . . . t—told him I had met someone who wanted a dog, and I must stay and see him. My husband breeds these for sale, that's his hobby. I thought you really wanted to buy him, or I would never have spoken to you."

By Stan Terry

HEAVEN! JUST HEAVEN!

"I won't be long, dear—just going to drop into the 'Fairy's Arms' for an 'angel's kiss'!"

At this moment Ho Shi Fu, still struggling, began to emit a series of short sharp yaps. Garry saw a man, whose face and powerful shoulders were vaguely familiar to him, look up and gaze fixedly in their direction.

"I have seen your husband somewhere before," he said. "I seem to know his face."

"I daresay you do. You've seen him in the ring, I expect."

"In the what?"

"The ring. He is fighting the Bombardier to-night."

All at once it dawned on Garry where he had seen the man's face before. It was in that illustrated paper he had been looking at before the girl arrived. Sporting phrases describing the Marvel's prowess rushed through his mind. "Terrible right-hand punch"—"A tiger when his blood is up."

"Oh," said the girl, "he has seen us. He is coming across. What shall I say?"

"Tell him I have bought the dog," said Garry quickly, pulling out a cheque-book, and beckoning to the waiter to bring him a pen.

. . . . . .

"He's a nice little dawg," said the Marvel, genially, as he pocketed the fifty guinea cheque. "I breeds 'em, and the Missus here sells 'em for me. She's clever at that side of business."

"Yes, she is," said Garry, regarding his new possession, and getting his baleful stare returned with interest.

A. M.

Our Ball-

—Are now issuing their annual advices *re* the a

Room Prophets—

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

arrival of various new terpsichorean features

Dainty Gifts for Christmas
CROWN
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CP 8

by FIELD, STREAM & COVERT

FOLLOWERS OF THE NEW FOREST PACK MOVING OFF TO COVERT

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Capping

THE question of capping has been brought into prominence again by the decision of the Atherstone Hunt Committee to reduce its daily charge to non-subscribers from £2 to £1. Are we to take this as an indication that bigger fields will be welcomed with this pack? It is certain that in the majority of countries there are not so many regular riders to hounds as there were before the War. Of course, the loss of all those grand fellows who fell in action is sadly felt; but a more direct cause of smaller fields is shortage of money. Most of us are forced to economise in one way or another with the income tax at six shillings in the pound and hunting has inevitably had to be included in the general "cutting down" of expenses.

Hunt Revenues

EVERY little helps, and the sporting folk of Leicester, Nuneaton, and district who can only go out with hounds now and again will welcome the reduction of the Atherstone Cap. It would be interesting to know the revenue which the big Hunts derive from capping. I see it stated that at a meet of the East Sussex Hounds a few days ago £23 was collected in cap money at a sovereign a time. That may not be a fair criterion of what goes on all through the season, but it is clear that in a popular country, with large towns near by, capping can produce quite an appreciable income.

Chasing the Lady

MR. OTHO PAGET, who used to be responsible for collecting the cap with the Quorn, says that extracting the money from the pockets of visitors was one of the most unpleasant tasks that ever fell to his lot. He implies that the ladies were particularly loth to part with the hard cash. One of his successors had an amusing experience one afternoon with a woman rider. He had pursued this fair one all day, and she had managed to evade him until just before the end, when he managed to corner her. Of course, she was profuse in her apologies for not having seen him before, and immediately handed over a coin wrapped up carefully in paper. On reaching home he found the package contained only half the correct amount!

A Splendid Veteran

OF the many hunt presentations which have been associated with the opening month of the season one of the most interesting was that to Lord and Lady Zetland on the occasion of their golden wedding. The members of the Hunt which bears the veteran sportsman's name gave them a gold inkstand engraved with the Zetland arms, as well as other gifts. There never was a more popular M.F.H. than Lord Zetland. For thirty-five seasons he hunted the country, mainly at his own expense, and not the slightest friction occurred during all that period. His love of fox-hunting helped to make him one of the most popular Lord Lieutenants Ireland has ever had.

Hard Luck!

A BROKEN leg in the first weeks of the new season is extremely bad luck for Major Edward Lascelles, who hopes, however, to get the limb mended quickly enough for him to see some sport in the second half of the season. It is now settled that Major Lascelles shall become joint Master of the Bramham Moor next season in succession to Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox. It will seem strange to find this Yorkshire pack with a Lane-Fox no longer at the helm, but it is not the first time that the Lascelles family has had charge of these hounds. A

(*Continued on page* 576)

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE LADY MASTER OF THE TEDWORTH

Miss Fairhurst, with Mrs. Quayle (on left) at a recent meet held at Fyfield House, near Andover

"Rugger" Rivals in To-morrow's

CAMBRIDGE

For the first time in its history the 'Varsity Rugby Match will be held on the Rugby Football Union Ground at Twickenham where it is due to take place to-morrow (Thursday). Our caricaturist has sketched above some of the players who (bar casualties) will take part in it. The mention of casualties reminds us that Oxford have been peculiarly unfortunate in this

Great Match at Twickenham

OXFORD

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

respect. B. L. Jacot, who greatly distinguished himself in last year's match, is out of the side owing to a broken collar-bone, and it was uncertain up to the eleventh hour whether V. R. Price would be able to play. We may look forward, nevertheless, to a very even and exciting struggle. The chances of the teams are weighed on page 583 of this issue by "H.S.S."

Photograph *Sport and General*

SPANIEL CLUB'S FIRST FIELD TRIAL

The first trial of the English Springer Spaniel Club took place at Shipton Cliffe, Andoversford. Some members about to go to the meet: (left to right) Major Maurice Portal, D.S.O., Mr. Ernest E. Turner, Sir James R. Wilson, Bart., Mrs. Ernest Turner, Lord Vivian, Lady Portal, and Mr C. A. Phillips

hundred years ago they were being hunted by the second Earl of Harewood. A. W. C.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

A Promising 'Chaser

MR. PERCY WHITAKER observed me looking very carefully at Ardgour just after he had been saddled for the Novices' Steeplechase at Newbury last week. "Not a bad-looking one, is he?" said the horse's trainer. I agreed with some enthusiasm. "Of course, you must remember that he has never had a race of any sort—not even over hurdles," went on Mr. Whitaker. I went into the ring and found Hedu a red-hot favourite. It's risky to oppose one of Hartigan's "good things" with Jack Anthony up, but I was so impressed with Ardgour's appearance that I thought I could do little harm by backing him each way. It was a magnificent race, and after being nearly a length behind at the last jump Ardgour caught the favourite on the flat and just won. A little success which pleased me very much.

"National" Prospects

AFTER the race I asked Mr. Whitaker how the horse was bred. "He's by Ardoon out of the dam of Orby's Pride," he told me. So the horse's pedigree is all right. Ardoon is a great sire of jumpers, being responsible for Always, Ardonagh, Ardavon, Arravale, and other good winners. It is a little curious that during his long career as trainer, always marked by great success, Mr. Whitaker has never managed to win the Grand National. That, of course, is his great ambition. Well, he has two likely young horses for the job in his stable in Arravale and Ardgour. Both are made in the ideal fashion for the Aintree course, and it is not very big odds against one of them carrying off the premier honours of steeplechasing during the next few seasons.

By "THE TOUT"

THE GOLDEN CORN CONNECTIONS

Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and H. Powney, who look after Mr. Marshall Field's interests at Moulton Paddocks. Capt. Boyd-Rochfort, who was in the Guards, formerly "stage-managed" the late Sir Ernest Cassel's stable. Both should congratulate themselves on having produced a real champion in Golden Corn. She will doubtless carry all before her next season

Most Beautiful

AT this period of the year it is interesting to watch the first appearance over hurdles of horses that were well-known on the flat. Percy Woodland is fortunate in having secured one very smart recruit to the game in Most Beautiful. This is one of the most handsome mares we have had on the Turf in recent years, and I was much disappointed with her two moderate displays on the flat last summer. However, she has taken very kindly to jumping, and won her race in great style at Newbury. I am glad to see Woodland doing so well at his new quarters at Grateley, where some big coups were landed when Captain Bewicke had charge of the stable many years ago.

Follow Gore

THERE is a meeting at Gatwick in the middle of this week, and I think you will find Bob Gore's stable worth following there. Several of his horses are nicely forward and will soon be making their mark. One of them, Culprit, scored at a nice price at Newbury. The week-end sport is at Sandown Park in the south and Haydock Park in the north. The clashing will not affect the success of either fixture, for there are plenty of good jumping stables in the north just now. One of the strongest belongs to H. S. Harrison who is going to win lots of races this season. Frank Wootton will be riding frequently for the Bangor establishment, and it could not wish for a better jockey.

Sandown Selections

WE always get tip-top sport "over the sticks" at Sandown Park, and this week's programme there includes two £500 races. One of them, the Annual Hurdle Handicap, is sure to be an interesting affair. Coulthwaite has a good chance of winning it with **Square Meal**. On the following day **Full Stop** usually at her best on this course, may win the Sandown Handicap Steeplechase for Lord Coventry.

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IN ENGLAND-NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

"The Three Arts this week"

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *December* 5

DEAR COUSIN—

Do rather hope Princess Mary'll get married *quite* soon, don't you? Not merely and entirely for her own sake, either—though must say the long-engagement idea's come to seem fearfully futile these days, even for quite ordinary people, hasn't it? And is one, anyway, of the pre-War things we *don't* want back again. And for Royalties and people 'pears even more pointless than most, seeing they can't help knowing all about each other right from the very start, down to whether they like mustard with mutton or sugar in their tea. . . .

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BUT 'part from that, really rather too terribly wearing to bear for *very* long, methinks—the way some of H.M. loyal subjects are going on about it all—what? Can't honestly believe even Royalties—who are used to that sort of thing and 've even rather got to expect it—can be touched to the very core by, for instance, crowds of women simply massing around outside Chesterfield House just to stare and stare at closed doors and blank windows. With, seemingly, not even a ghost of a hope that sometime, somewhere, somehow, someone even distantly connected with the thrilling "Royal romance" will, for a single second, put in the fraction of an appearance!

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STILL, come to think of it, it *is* a supremely stirring and exciting subject for all of us of the (of course) superior, and, anyway, more interesting and interested sex. Marriage, I mean, of course—which, after all, most of the big books and great plays get written about. And which (after all) is the one subject that does, somehow, manage to intrigue both sexes . . . up to a point—however much the (alleged) stronger one may try and pretend that it's only a sort of side-issue that can be taken in one's stride, so to speak, and, of course, *easily* avoided if nec. . . . To which *we* merely reply, in the expressive language of the U.S.A.—I *should* smile, or words to that effect—what?

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LOTS of excitement just now, by the way (before I leave this fascinating topic) about whether red hair is or isn't really one of woman's greatest assets for success . . . by which, of course, I mean once more (need I say?) getting married. All red-haired girls marry, someone's just been saying. Because, apparently, of their "glorious vitality" and "splendid self-confidence," which makes 'em quite certain of getting what they want every time. And according to a doctor man, even those of us who are mere ordinary blondes and brunettes, "recognising the red-haired woman's advantage in the marriage market," are simply flocking to the henna merchants and people so's to get off from the same mark, as you might say.

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CERTAINLY do seem to be more of us about with auburn locks than ever before. And can't afford, I suppose, these days of man-shortage, to neglect any sort of precaution in the way of securing the required male, whether he's—

> A regular smiter,
> A blighter, a biter. . . .
> Who'll bruise me at breakfast
> And lynch me at lunch—

in the words of Gertrude Lawrence (who prefers

"Simply flocking to the henna merchants"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

" wild men ") in *A to Z*. . . . Or just one of the mere " mild men " of the p'raps more usual sort, who are, after all, *rather* more comfortable to live with year in, year out, even if they're not *quite* so exciting, *n'est-ce pas* ?

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QUITE a lot more use than they were, by the way, husbands seems to be, these dancing days. When you simply *have* to acquire a partner of your very own for love or money—and neither love *nor* money can be really counted on to attach to your side even for one evening one of the unattached young men of to-day. Who are so few and far between, these post-War times, that they can just do a Judgment of Paris act every time, and get grateful and hearty thanks when they do throw the apple—or is it handkerchief ?

One of the unattached young men who are so few and so spoilt

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NOT a problem to be passed over lightly, either—the partner one—these nights when charity and other dances are simply falling over each other and the only real puzzle is which to go to when. Five special dances at least this week, including the big Three Arts one at Covent Garden, and another at the aforesaid Chesterfield House of Royally romantic associations. Without counting, of course, all the usual ones at Ciro's and the Embassy and the Savoy and the Roof Garden and the rest that go on all the time—besides smaller places like the Royalty, in Dean Street, or the Casino de Danse in Finchley Road. At which last, by the way (run by the same people as Sherry's, at Brighton) had a very delightful evening's dancing the other night on one of the very best of floors.

"A dose of 'London Particular'"

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AND next week there are seven (so far) on my programme—finishing up with the Garden Party Ball at the Connaught Rooms, which is sure to be one of *the* shows of this season as ever is. It's a sort of winter version of the Theatrical Garden Party, you know.

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SOMEHOW stage parties always do seem to *go*, don't they ? And must be acknowledged that whatever their faults (if any), actors and actresses—specially p'raps actresses—do know how to let themselves go. And put a bit of heart into whatever they happen to be helping to run—whether it's a real nice dance or that (ordinarily) chilliest thing on earth, a charity *matinée*. Secret of which is, I suppose, that it's really all part of their job, isn't it—laying themselves out, I mean, to amuse, and playing any part they take up for every ounce it's worth ?

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BY the way, somehow, we seem to have sunk right back into our pristine British shyness about " dressing-up," here in London now. Half the people at the Victory Ball were in plain clothes, so to speak, and at the (very cheerful) Devonshire House dance for the League of Health the other night there weren't more than a dozen or two in costume. One couple who arrived early in fancy dress felt so desolate amid the serried array of shirt fronts and evening frocks that they hastily turned tail, drove home again and came back changed!

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BEGINNING to be quite a Christmas atmosphere already here in London now, what with toy bazaars and special children's teas at the big shops like Harrods, and a dose of " London particulars," and lots of nice fat men up in Town for this week's Smithfield fat stock show. Which includes, I'm told, a record entry of " single pigs "—whatever they may be. Didn't know celibacy had made its insidious way into the very pigsties of the nation, did you ? And turkey's to be cheaper they say . . . or else dearer—no one seems quite to know which. And mistletoe, certainly, say the prophets, is so scarce it'll be beyond the purse of any but the most prosperous profiteer. Who cares, though ? Can always get on quite well at Christmas without mistletoe, myself, can't you? Or any other old time, for that matter.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

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Photograph *Sport and General*

ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON: THE OPPIDANS' TEAM IN THE WALL GAME

St. Andrew's Day was celebrated at Eton on Wednesday last with the customary observances, among which the annual Wall Game between the Collegers and Oppidans figures prominently. Our photograph shows the Oppidans' eleven, who were victorious by a shy to nothing. The Wall Game is a kind of football, which is indigenous to Eton, and one the beauties of which can hardly be appreciated unless you have actually played

Sports & Pastimes

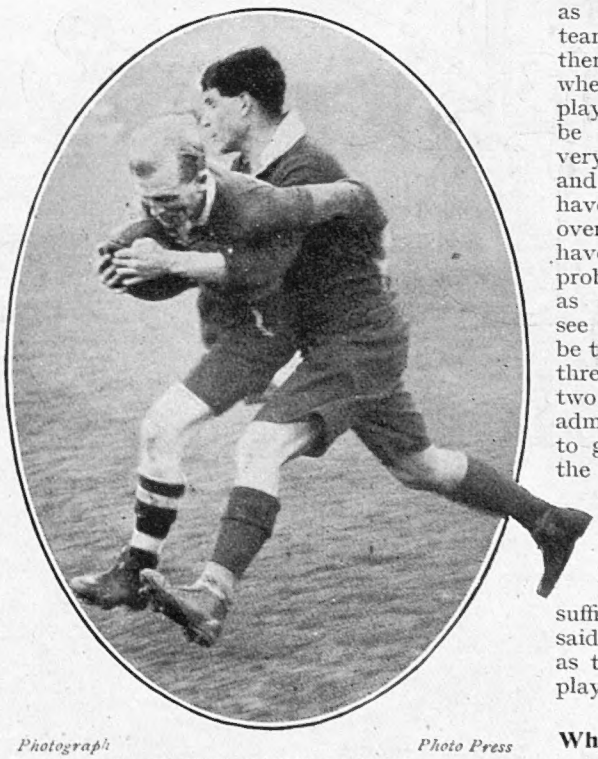
RUGBY FOOTBALL

To-morrow's 'Varsity Match

IN Inter-'Varsity contests the favourites, as in horse-racing, are quite frequently the losers. Only in the case of the Boat Race can one back the favourite with a sense of anything like security. In fact, with this one exception, it has become proverbial that when Oxford and Cambridge meet the luck—or whatever you may choose to call it—favours the reputedly weaker side. It so happens, however, that for the "Rugger" match which is due to be played to-morrow (Thursday) neither team is a pronounced favourite, and, therefore, the customary test cannot be applied. Hence the encounter is likely to prove more than usually engrossing. Incidentally, I heard a week ago that, although the match has been transferred from Queen's to the much more spacious arena at Twickenham, the reserved seats had all been sold. This shows what a hold the 'Varsity match has gained upon the sport-loving public.

Oxford Highly Tried

LAST week I was present at Oxford's "acid test" against Guy's Hospital, the team with the best record, and probably the strongest team into the bargain, of all the London Clubs. It is true that Oxford won—by a solitary point because they gained two tries which were converted, whilst Guy's gained three which were not—but it was one of the luckiest wins that I have ever witnessed. But for one or two dropped passes and similar accidents which *will* happen, even to the best regulated of teams, I believe that Guy's would have beaten Oxford by a margin as great as, or even greater than, that by which they beat Cambridge on November 9. Oxford were fighting with their backs to the wall pretty well all through, and Forsayth, their full-back, can seldom have had a much more anxious time. He emerged from the ordeal with credit, and is, undoubtedly, their most valuable asset.



Photograph *Photo Press*

H. GRAHAM-DAVIES TACKLED

In the Rugby match between Oxford University and Guy's Hospital on Wednesday last, when Oxford were lucky to win by 10 points to 9. Graham-Davies was prominent in quite a number of attacks made by Guy's which only just broke down

Cambridge's All-Round Strength

THIS match only served to confirm my impression that Oxford can play most extraordinarily well at times and most extraordinarily badly at others. Cambridge I regard as a much better balanced team. I have only once seen them do badly, and that was when they were trying several players who turned out to be failures. They have a very fine set of forwards—and here they will surely have a great advantage over Oxford—they seem to have solved the half-back problem quite as successfully as Oxford, and I cannot see how Oxford can possibly be thought to have the better three-quarter line of the two. The Guy's backs are admittedly a very tough lot to get through, but even so the play of the Oxford three-quarters against them did not strike me, on the whole, as being out of the common, although they had flashes of brilliance sufficient to indicate, as I have said already, that they, as well as the rest of the team, *can* play extraordinarily well.

Why Cambridge Should Win

CAMBRIDGE, on the other hand, have in K. R. J. Saxon a try-getter of great potentiality whenever he is

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

given the chance. If his colleagues will only give him the ball often enough he is capable of winning the match for them. But this "if," in the case of a wing three-quarter, is always a big one. My belief is that the Cambridge forwards will dominate the game to-morrow. If they do not, anything may happen, since defence is not exactly Cambridge's strong point; but, if they do, I think their backs, and Saxon in particular, may be relied upon to give them all the help in attack that is needed. Neither team has quite fulfilled expectations, but 'Varsity sides have a pleasing way of rising to the occasion, and it is quite possible that we may, after all, see a great match unspoiled, let us hope, by untoward accidents.

BLIND SPORTSMEN

A Visit to St. Dunstan's

I WAS recently afforded an opportunity of witnessing a display by the blinded soldiers and sailors of St. Dunstan's Hostel of their prowess as athletes. From their playing-field in Regent's Park, where the sports were held, I came away with the very pleasing feeling that I would not have missed the experience for worlds. The contests in which they engaged included kicking at goal (Association football), throwing the cricket ball, throwing the football, jumping (three leaps from a standing start), running, skipping, and putting the weight, interspersed with races of the comic type, like the egg-and-spoon and wheelbarrow races. While looking on at these contests one had to remind oneself, almost forcibly, that the men could not see.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

H. M. ABRAHAMS

The famous Cambridge athletic Blue, who, in the Cambridge Intercollegiate Competition last week, played a big part in the progress of his college, Caius, by winning the Long Jump (in which, with a jump of 23 ft. 0½ in., he equalled the record for the ground), the High Jump, the Hundred and the Quarter, and by gaining second place in the Hurdles and the Weight

Wonderful Sprinting

To my mind the running is the most wonderful thing of all. Here the runner is guided by a steel wire stretched at a height of about 3 ft. 6 in. from the ground down the course. To this wire he is linked by a loop held in his right hand, which keeps him in touch with the wire and yet slips easily along it as he runs. With the aid of this contrivance a St. Dunstan's sprinter has run 75 yards in 8 3-5th secs., which is within measurable distance of "even time" for the hundred. This means that the handicap of blindness has been practically overcome.

The Normal Life Regained

I ALSO saw the men engaged in the various trades which they pursue. Here, again, what struck one was that they had mastered their job so thoroughly that the fact that they could not see what they were doing hardly mattered. They *knew*. When one thinks of what blindness used to mean one marvels at the extraordinary way in which its disabilities can be overcome. Nor am I surprised to find that at St. Dunstan's they attach the greatest importance to the recreative side of the training. It is through the medium of their games that the men become contented and happy and so are able to get back to the normal life. H. S. S.

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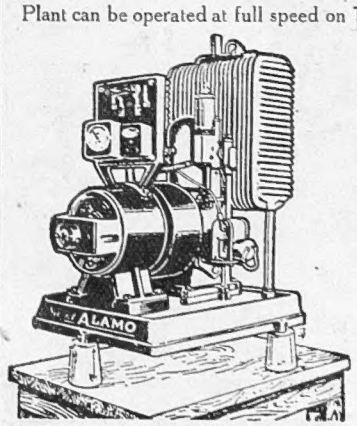

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MOTOR·NOTES

EVERYBODY talks about their car's overhaul at this time of year, decarbonising the cylinders, and such like performances. All I can say is, do it, but don't do it yourself if you can possibly find a decent mechanic in your local garage. Or let the makers do it. Ten to one you save money by putting the work out, as all this talk about detachable heads making it easier to put the engine into its best trim in your own home is bunkum and eyewash. It is a jolly expert job to get 'em off and on again, and what with the risk of breaking studs, damaging gaskets, and difficulty of finally getting water-tight and compression-tight joints, it's cheaper to let the man who makes his living at this work do the job than try and do it yourself once a year or so. At any rate, my suggestion to the man who has never done the job before is to go and watch how it's done for the first time before he attempts to tackle the work himself. Everybody has to pay for experience, and the wise one is he knowing how to pay as little as possible.

* * *

ON Monday last Lieut-Colonel Charles Jarrott, O.B.E., commander of the A.A. section, Headquarters Central Detachment Special Constabulary Reserve, presided at the annual dinner of these "motor police" specials at Gatti's Restaurant. Uniforms, decorations, and medals were the order of the evening, as the Home Secretary presented the Long Service Police Medal to those members entitled to receive it for service. Amongst the members of this A.A. S.C.R. are some of the best-known London members of the motor industry, who were honoured at this gathering by the presence of the Chief Commissioner of Police, Brigadier-General Sir W. T. H. Horwood, K.C.B., D.S.O., Colonel Sir Edward Ward, G.B.E., K.C.B., K.C.V.O., chief staff officer S.C.R., and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., besides other distinguished guests. The speeches were admirable, pointing out the excellent work carried out by this motor "Force" and how necessary this organisation is.

* * *

THE usual Boxing Day run from London to Exeter and back is taking place for members of the Motor-Cycling Club, starting from the Bridge House Hotel, Staines, at eight o'clock on the evening of December 26. This year Chard Hill and Trow Hill have to be climbed without stopping, and on scheduled time, besides another severe task in surmounting the Peak at night-time, as the road is narrow. If snow really falls, as the weather prophets reckon will be the case this coming Christmas, this run will be some undertaking both for the cars, their drivers, and the passengers, as it is a cold job, this competition, at the best of winter weather. But the enthusiasm of the competition motoring fraternity keeps warm under all conditions, bless 'em! and here's good luck to all the competitors, but my best wishes are the sum of my endeavours in this regards as a surfeit of exhibitions gives me another kind of record to put up, so I cannot join in the trek to the West. OLD HY.

H.M. THE KING OF SWEDEN

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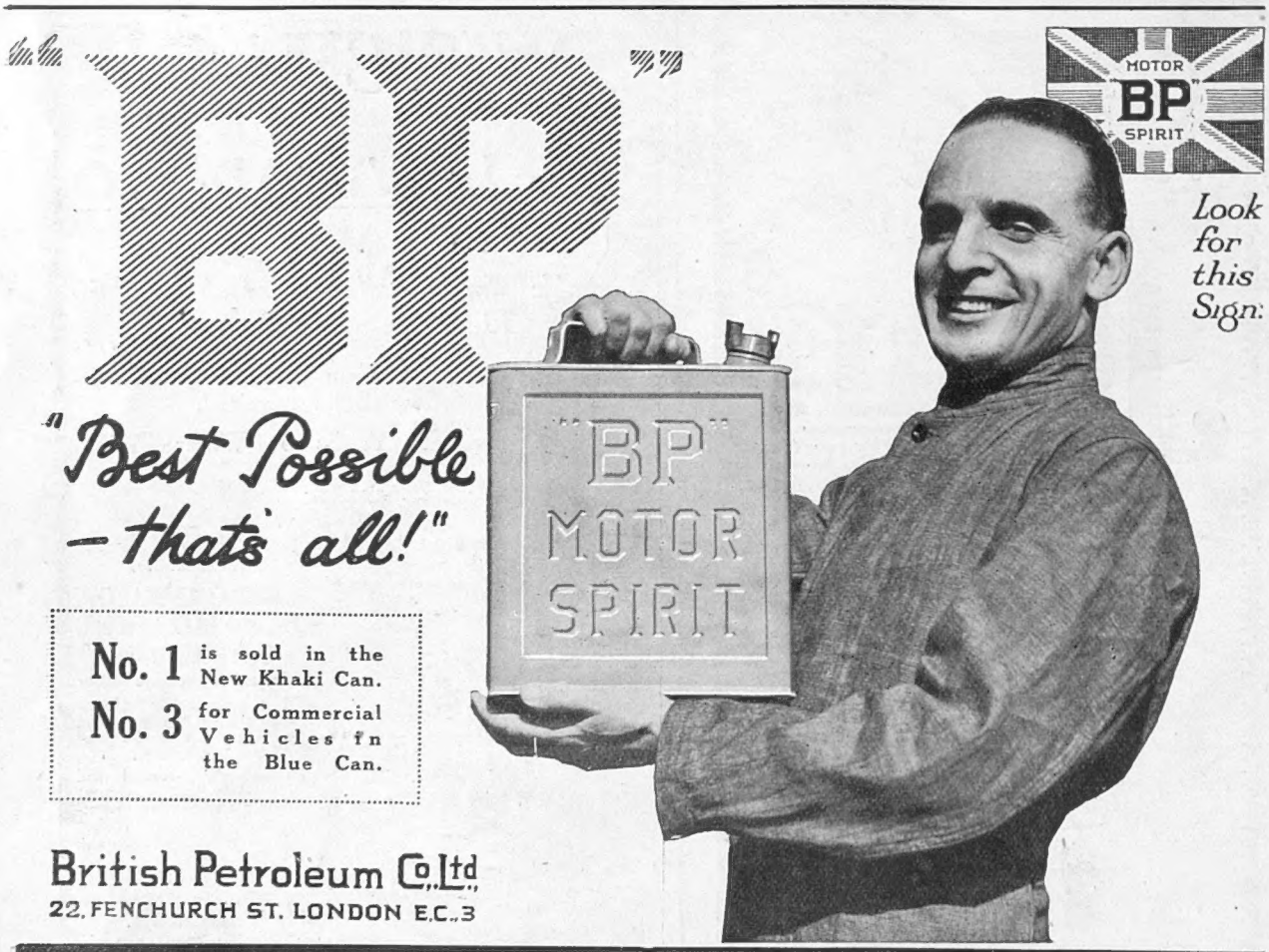
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